

[Excuse pencilling.]

To Elizabeth P. Nichol

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Queenstown, August 26, 1877.

Ever Dear Friend:

I regretted that I had not time, before leaving Liverpool, to acknowledge the receipt of your affectionate, farewell letter; but I believe my dear son did so, with his accustomed alacrity - one of a number of ^{similar} filial performances on his part since we landed on your shores. Here we are, waiting to receive the London mail of last night; and while doing so, I avail myself of the last opportunity to send you a fresh expression of our sense of indebtedness to you for your bountiful and extended hospitality, for various tokens of your loving regard, for your pleasant companionship at Glasgow and in the matter of sight-seeing generally in the beautiful suburbs of Edinburgh. Yet you need nothing of this from me; for you know how large is my indebtedness to you

in the past as in the present, and I
am sure you ^{wish for no} ~~will~~ repetition of thanks
for such marked kindnesses.

The time occupied in coming from
Liverpool to Queenstown was only
eighteen hours, and the passage was very
smooth, with a heavy rain toward morn-
ing. Yesterday there was something of a
gale here, which we fortunately escaped;
but this morning all is tranquil and beau-
tiful. We expect to depart by 4 o'clock
this afternoon. The number of cabin pas-
sengers is nearly two hundred and ninety.
The Bothnia is a magnificent ship of
vast proportions, being no less than
four hundred and thirty-seven feet
in length.

Our very dear friends, Mr.
Joseph Lupton of Leeds and Miss
Estlin, came to see us off—adding
much to the pleasure and something
to the sadness of our final leave-taking.

It would be incomparably more sad if, on such occasions, the separation of our bodily forms was also the sundering of our spirits. How broad and vital is the distinction between mind and matter!

A letter meets me here from my son Wendell, giving me still later information relative to the condition of Mr. Villard, which continues to be improving; but he regretfully writes that dear Fanny has at last broken down, in consequence of her unwearied watchings over her husband, though she was not seriously ill. She has a remarkably good constitution, but a heavy and long continued pressure may shatter it. I shall hope for the best in her case, but be none the less anxious until assured of her convalescence.

I received a very tender and affectionate letter from my greatly beloved friends, Jane and Eliza Wigham. I

am sure that my regret quite equalled their own that we could not see more of each other. They belong to "the household of saints," or else there is no such household and no saints.

I was deeply affected by the sudden death of our dear friend William Smeal, but feel unspeakably thankful that we were permitted to see each other again in gladness of spirit before I left Glasgow. His life was as exemplary and serviceable to his race as it was long protracted.

Wishing to be very kindly remembered to all your domestics and regretfully saying "farewell," I remain ever your fast friend,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.